

THE PARABLE OF SEED

composed by Jan de Munnik

Foreword

The little poem before your eyes I have written as an exercise in creativity, and contains many faults and inadequacies. Nevertheless, it may contain some pictures you might find amusing, or even some lines you might find pleasant to read. If this is all you receive from the poem, I am content. Perhaps, by some Divine influence, my work contains some transcendent themes, and I hope that by adding in the amusing images and pleasant lines, it may lead some to the contemplation of these matters. Now, dear reader, I have said enough, go and read.

The Poem

I.

A Dream OR The Parable of Generation

A dream produced just by the human soul
whose mind is never born as whole
deceives the body yet unborn
until the flesh of God is worn.

As an unwinged worm
does the soul as sperm
reside in egg of goeld
created fore the world.

A Word flowed forth
and semen poured
ten thousand letters,
still unbound in fetters
did they play in Eden
nameless und zufrieden.

for peace they had
until some chad
gave them a fruit
and made them shoot.

A spawn occurs
a naméd curse
when come was spilled
I went redpilled

When white was gone
And green went on
Mere red remained
and there I sat, galaxy-brained
And I thought about this matter,
because for what purpose
was spilled all this baby-batter?
And I remembered Persephone
whom Pluto had raped so dearly
whom the great Plato had chosen
for her touching of all motion
For with her springtime rape
tells us Pythagoras the sage
generation was begotten
and came this world, so rotten
Death was th'only way out
either my own demise
or that of the she-wise

was needed for my breakout
For fallen from my golden egg
I did not wish to go sub earth
to me was done the greatest neg
a damned forced birth
But yet that queen sat still in hell
seated on the left hand of Hades
and thus I knew that very well
I had to enter that realm, so shady
But to be the death of death
I had to die
To give that bitch her final breath
I had to mortify
Thus fifty days I waited
and fifty days I searched
‘til finally ‘twas fated
that my circumheart was scorched
My Master namely said when teaching
that only those hearts cleansed of grime
were worthy of now closely reaching
that place of perpetual peacetime
But I had become a retard
for confusing heaven and hell
I had perpetually scarred
my inner holy well
Cause a man may enter heaven by purity
but the underworld is reached by dung
and so I delved into obscurity
so that into hell I could be flung
My only wish was just to enter
into the chthonic earths centre
to reclaim what I had known
that anagogic stone

II.

The Descent OR The Parable of Initiation

From God Most High I came
descending onto earth
and following my name
I entered into dearth
For as the wise men say
evil is nothing but a lack
yet to enter in I had to pay
what I had borrowed, back
But what had Despoina granted me?
the evolution of my seed, a grain?
turning me from simply to be
to being able just to feign?
Would that I could give back my birth
to this blackened mother nature
that does no good but just brings forth,
taking life from every creature
It is not of vulgar life that I speak
but of life eternal, blessed by that tree
which is venerated by the Holy See
and spoken of by ancient Greek
But lest I lose myself and thee
in speaking of this life so lost
I'll speak of that grand prix
for which the hellway must be crossed
That stone from ancient days
embedded in the crown of Samael
fallen into that lowest place

which is nadir to Israel
And thus advanced my quest
to reach the centre of the globe
where treasure kept in Hades' breast
was mine to fully grope
But for my journey to succeed
some seven gates laid for my feet
were I to leave from Natures clench
through all these gates I had to wrench

III.

The First Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Girl

Ecce Mulier! Exclaimed a voice inside my head
for a diamond cage surrounds a gentle dame
and round her sit a thousand males, quite lame
whose only wish is to see the woman being bred
And round this cage, which is in the first of gates
are placed a thousand dark mirrors
so that the girl is made into a thousand figures
and the men jerk their cocks like reprobates
Content already with beauty reflected
and unconcerned with vision of the ding an sich
do they spill their seed, like djinn rejected
their progeny reduced to the ding an nichts
And were I not enlightened by the god of Reason
I would have taken these men for exemplars of morality
for how great should I find their rejection of Spring season
their refusal to partake in the production of plurality!
Their cursed seed finds no home but dust
and when they scream 'I gotta bust'

their sperm is wasted on the grass
which duly was whitened en masse
And I realised that there was no worth in this
For a seed ejected is still the same as birth
my balls give birth to all white piss
and it flows too often through my girth
And this is why the wise men said
my children, do not cum
for if you do, you're just now dead
and if you do, you're fucking dumb
Once more I turned my eyes upon those cocks
who sat beneath the pen
and saw nothing of their dear hen
except for that reflected of her box
To them no touch, not even with the eye
was given, yet I climbed over the darkened glass
and looked the poor girl in the eye
and asked her 'whats wrong lass?'
She told me her name, Luxuria
and it was society that put her there
but I sang to her a Gloria
to free her from the air
For a ghostly appearance she was
as if the sun had never shone upon her
but she materialised when I offered some myrrh
and from beneath I heard applause
For the lamest men beneath
were now blinded by the light
the mirrors broken by the heat
the males now freed from their delight
They saw nothing more of the lady
and thus they stopped masturbating
no longer did they spend their gravy

but they spent their time contemplating
The woman thanked me and transformed
and gave me the key to her belt
her old name now she scorned
and as Castitas that day she dwelt
With this key I opened the gate
and passed on from the men and dame
who no longer fell for bait
but merely contemplated shame

IV.

The Second Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Consumer

Continuing on from these regrets
I came upon the second door
which showed me how the going gets
tough when a man turns to a corpse
A boy sat in a little chair
and stared into the gateways roof
from which a corpse hang quite aloof
just chilling in the air
Upon that curséd corpse were seen
a mirth of colours, and heard
some sounds that never scream
save in the minds of blessed birds
Their source was in the batch of crystals
there placed along the gateways arch
they sprung and smelt like springtime thistles
like thistles grown in months of march
The boy, so young, exvolved from time
absorbed into himself le mort

he slowly sunk in seat of lime
kept watching like the day before
Consume consume was all he could
not living things, but merely death
was what his eyes und'stood
A thousand views, a million more
repackaged like some shitty meth
was th'only boys life chore
And written on his gaming seat
were just four little names

GAMING LYRICS UTUBE TWEET

there poasted like great claims
I had the urge to free the boy
but crystals stung like thistles
so reach I could not to destroy
that corpse nor had I missiles
But every sight has mult'ple parts
the viewer and the viewed
when one may not be reached with force
the other can be screwed
The boy still paid no look to I
not even when I took my hands
and pushed them into his dear eyes
to save him from deaths strands
No clamour could escape from him
for it was not his oculus
but mind that kept him dim
and separate from that baetus
But still the boy simply consumed
with senses that remained
and were his other senses doomed
his mind would not be drained
Infinity absorbed had he

unending vistas on the body
so fantasy can make a billion more
continuing all that was before
The only change is from inside
or underneath that is
so took the knife and tried
to change the words to this
MUST EVER ALWAYS NORM
these colourd gold
and lo and behold
the limestone chair did lose its form
And blind boy sat there free and freed
he unsubscribed and gave me that
which he did claim to no more need
a little card quite flat
With numbers on it and a code
I swiped it on the gateways node
and saw the numbers on the back
one six eight it said there on the plaque
But know the meaning I did not do
thus moved I on from this boy too
through gate the second on to the third
I ventured fully undeterred

V.

The Third Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Book Seller

A sight of gold engulfed my eyes
for round this port were floating coins
and where the left the right arch joins
buzz dollars like two horny flies

All did so formed ethereal
for nothing that's material
can touch the mammons hold
Subsist in soul does greed effectively
drawn forth just by the smell of gold
produces soul vasectomy
Beneath sat man of avarice
head bound in cloth like Lazarus
but this one not ensouled
He was writing on papyrus
letters spreading like a virus
his hands quite shook with cold
Red words appeared into his head
and bloodied nouns came out
when he all over bled
And when he'd made his little book
for coin and just a little clout
he'd throw it up into the nook
and money would fall down
He'd try to catch it like a clown
but when it fell upon his palm
it melted like the summer Somme
Then back to scribe he was again
there scribbling with his bloodied pen
and threw the booklet like a pawn
perpetually so on and on
And I took pity on the seller
for he looked like a nice feller
but his hands caused him to sin
Of doomed Onan was I forewarned
and greed seems lust her evil twin
for both the men are horned
One used his hands to tow the cock

the other to pump penny stock
and now they both are scorned
Approaching Greed incarnate
I took the blind boys card
and put it before him as bait
While mumbling ‘buy my book’
his prick got very hard
nose filled with coin, a crook
And bending over forward
reaching nearer like a hoarder
I sprang up high a hundred yards
with in my hands these crystal shards
And seeing how his hands lay bare
I came down hard from high in air
and severing his naked hands
his pen flew ‘way like desert sands
His blood turned black from bloody red
and “God be thanked” was all he said
for write no more he ever could
and crave no more he ever should
The floating coins were turned to dust
and rained upon the seas of black
there formed upon a little crust
where I could sit and stretch my back
I rested there a little while
while merchant thought of sin
his pen laid on the crust so thin
and I saved it from the bile
For handless man used it no more
while I might write some for some whore
thus I left the booksman to his own
and moved on to the fourth, alone

VI.

The Fourth Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Doomer

And then I found myself at rest
but peace did not reside in chest
while sphere of static was not moved
still physis was not yet removed
With this feel of pseudo-peace
my travels went and did not cease
until I smelt the stench of bed
where man laid in, unwed
He whispered to some little birds
and from the words that I then heard
I grasped his mental state
videlicet castrate
His vital centre absent
he pointed to the birds
and whispered bona haec sunt
so empty were his words
In them was barely nothing
just vanity and cope
his body lay there rotting
salvation by the rope
Ejaculate flowed from his beak
and heard was ‘blessed are the meek’
but who wants then to have this earth
that wretched place of natures birth?
For from his cock it could not flow
thus from his mouth came babydough
which little birds did carry up
and brought back down a little cup

The substance there was transed
and the man lay there entranced
for white had turned to bloody red
and thus he soiled his little bed
How happy was this soul here then
For trading cum made him full zen
his muscles may have atrophy
but he was strong with akedy
And this he did repeat all day
for such this soul'd been led astray
that him Boreas could not blow away
no matter how his friends did pray
Sometimes he mumbled 'bout the rope
that hung in style of Damocles
but silly was this ethic hope
for here he sat in cursed Hades
He'd speak of exit to the birds
and pity would be back
but seed was there instead of words
and proved was he another hack
I'd gathered faith and love and hope
and walked up to the cripple
with both his arms he tried to grope
and hankered for my nipple
For like a babe he laid there yet
in poo and pee his little bed
for mothers milk he ever yearns
but substitute is what returns
I fought off his attack
and turned him on his back
placed bookmans pen where was his pricker
and now a peg served there as vicar
Then vigour came back to his bone

and black ink came with a loud moan
the birds of blue were turned to mauve
the bedrid man had had his salve
His vital centre had come back
and like a factory he spilled oil
industrious man was he in black
and rose from bed of soil
He stood there as a darkened soul
and blessed is this man of coal
for to the flames he was now ripe
to be burned up by Archetype
I left coalman to being burned
And I moved on, in full unspurned
for await did me the fifth of all
that was here in this grandiose hall

VII.

The Fifth Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Womanhater

A flame of black appears to me
and nothingness is what I see
for blinded was I by this gate
a fool I was who took the bait
For being raptured by my thoughts
I did not look for safer spots
and spray upon my eyes did then
thus limiting my tired ken
But hear and feel I could do still
and far away I heard a grill
while heat flowed through my vein
Above the grill there screamed a man

which I think turned him pretty tan
he was not free from chain
Which rattled like his skinny bones
as he yelled from the fiery stones
and giggle did some little girls
who danced round him like whitey pearls
Their little steps I heard
and grilless speech was slurred
but his ire was directed
at the women here collected
And as I came up close
his words come more verbose
and vociferous and rambunctious
and stentorian and uproarious
was his speech and preaching
But harmony was not in there
nor rhythm could he bear
for heat and pain inflamed his self
as if he were some papist Guelph
My ears they bled like firstborn hymens
until so close I was then silence
for in the eyehole of the storm
the windblow gains not never form
As I stood there in the centre of the fire
there was no sound but heat enough
and fully did I understand man's ire
and why he did so chuff
For all the girls surrounding him
he hated them and felt so grim
‘twas they that fed the grill its coal
thus firing up this poor man's soul
And with his screams he gave them more
the girls rejoiced in all his roar

so thus he paid them as a whore
while they did make his throat so sore
This cycle went on for a while
whilst I sat neath the grill so vile
meditating on this souls salvation
and the dreadful fires cessation
Thus I came up with a plan
t' ensure the wetness of this man
with all the tension he'd built up
it'd be easy to make him erupt
So from beneath I slid my finger through the grill
and up his hole until I reached that Mars's hill
visiting the interior of the earth
I found the hidden stone with mirth
I pressed the occult bump with force
and touching it my sight returned
while rivers flowed like from a horse
the white and red subsumed to one
and grills no longer burned
the Greatest Work was done
the girls they drowned in seas of spurt
while burning man came down unhurt
and thanked me for my service free
“n-no homo” I said nervously
He told me friend there's nothing gay
‘bout freeing brothers from the fey
how happy am I freed from wrath
these faeries drowned in cummiesbath
Nirvana had this man attained
for extinguished was his flame
no longer was the sinner chained
but Gaudy was his name
Content I washed my hands in water of white

and moved on from the seas so bright
for fore me were a few more gates
'til I could overcome the dreaded Fates

IIX.

The Sixth Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Thief

I happened 'pon the Gate called sixth
where stood under the gate betwixt
the double arch a counting man
whose clear surroundings he did scan
A counter had he in his hand
and all that came upon his land
must pay the toll of quantity
and this in no way bodily
For followers are mental pure
and number rests in place obscure
sub corpus est materiam mon advocate
et materia signata quantitate
The man kept counting up always
as if collabs are blessed mores
my influence must spread to him
must shout him out in cursed hymn
Like all who pass I had to pay
to him whose face is grey
whose counting takes all day
oh weh this souls astray
For what he counted were not bodies
But merely forms inside his mind
And these still are identic copies
To quality at all he's blind

No colour nor shape comes in his eyes
Nor rhythm nor tone in his ears
For to the world this man's so wise
all he perceives are his peers
Ones like him, and ones are all
Indiscernible, yet not identical
For when alone they're naught
But added up they're top spot
And when he sees another with his mental eye
who counts a thousand more than him
he gets strange feelings in his thigh
and births a goddess from the limb
A jealous Hera from his loins
not sated by a thousand coins
for gold is not what she desires
but from the mass a thousand 'mires
And one can not have more than others
For then we will not long be brothers
So when the man sees one with more
he calls together his whole corps
And demanding from the man his numbers
Until the equals tax's been paid
he returns then to his envious slumbers
until more numbers have been made
But empty space is all around
No body here is seen
An atom is this man, a clown
no audience to scream
So pitiful is a corps sans corpus
who swim the mire like a porpoise
the air they breath once in a while
is bod'ly to them like black bile
How could I solve this man's affliction?

To remove his numerous addiction
I would have to ban his way of counting
to follow the way of surmounting
But how does man surpass th' infinitesimal?
is there a way beyond the system of decimal?
Can the limit of calculus be dissolved?
And will man then of his sins be absolved?
I took the counter from his claws
for it was instrument if not cause
of his habit of numbering ever up
and to this I would put a stop
The device I threw upon the ground
and with my heel I did a pound
so that ten thousand numbers were released
and wayward they flew like wild beasts
The man now freed from his delusion
considered the empty space around
into his sense came th' world's effusion
and in the world he drowned
His senses regained, there was nothing to see
but a sea of empty and one free from glee
So that at once he passed beyond
what his senses had before him spawned
Content he sat around beneath the gate
The quality of emptiness contemplate
And I passed onto the seventh and last
Before I had to face the past

IX.

The Seventh Gate OR The Parable of the Electronic Influencer

The final gate I now approached
Before I'd reach th' infernal centre
my soul thoroughly poached
I finally would be able to enter
The seventh gate was like a mountain
and at the top sat a bearded man
The seventh gate was like a fountain
and at the top sat a balding woman
And the mountainfountain was like one
And the humans spoke as one
And the seventh gate was one
But the one was multiple
And woe to me the gullible
They praised me as a loyal ally
For all my pain I am the culpable
when I listened to their sweet tongued lie
Like honey flowed the rumbling of the rock
Which fills my ears like egirls suck my cock
And tasting of this pseudhaoma
like cumming in your mommy raw
My journey was entirely complete
I'd found my purpose here so sweet
in serving Hubris with my meat
The (wo)man treats me oh so well
while I in their embrace calm dwell
no longer am I an incel
We were now one and uniform
united in a cloutfilled swarm
this must be what they call a platform
But my seed, now spilled, was not content
And still retained my individual scent
it searched and found my erect tent
and from in there began ascent

Remembering it's divinite source
My vital energy went with force
up into the middle of my corpse
and re-enlightened it with sparks
And from my sacred heart streamed seed
first through my veins and then proceed
into the mountainfountain's cursed flesh
who met its end like Gilgamesh
From then on out no influence was ever made
Non-action reigned supreme all through the glade
All men released from socials tyranny
subsist in perfect symmetry
And so it is that the seventh realm was cleansed by white
as is detailed here in this hymn quite right
But for some men Elysium is still a prison
perhaps this is th' supreme wisdom
Thus I left the fields of green and shade
and to the greatest god I prayed
who listens to my every wish
as I am elect, a fish
And swim I did, through the rivers unnamed
Of water and honey and milk and wine
The land I'd lost I soon reclaimed
For it was always mine
And reaching then that cursed tree
which lies at the centre of four rivers
I'd leave behind all duality
and then finally be delivered

X.

The Centre
OR The Overcoming of Hades and Proserpina

Arisen is man, but as man is he not arisen
having passed beyond the white he is crimson
cloaked he had been, but nude before the Lord
he plays his final noteless chord
The springtime trees release their leaves
The rich are given gold by thieves
The last shall be the first
But in the water is no thirst
Where sits the lord of Death?
Where rests the queen of Nature?
Nothing's here, the spirits breath
flows not via a single creature
Where travels the Hero?
Who guards the Stone?
Nothing's here, absolute zero
the Lord is here alone
What seed is spilled?
What seed returns?
Nothing's here, but not unfilled
the bush here simply burns
There is no Fall, but the one that was is mercy
For Man must go forth before he comes back
But the Groom has no divorcees
and the soul is beautiful yet black